

story of oppression, and who shut up his bowels of compassion! How doth the love of God in him? He that loveth God, loveth his brother also. He, in his turn, shall cry and not be heard. How cruel a Christian to shut up churches against this cause! Is not this stopping the ear from the cry of the poor and needy? How inconsistent with Christian charity?

Let us to-day show these eternal enemies to slavery. When we remember the conduct of our fathers for liberty; how they spoke, and fought, and bled; can we let our voice cease, or our hands grow weary in the work of carrying out what they began? Whatever men may think, I would say, 'let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, let my right hand forget her cunning,' if I ever cease to speak and to act for the poor slave.

The great moral war is but begun. The collision of truth with error, of duty with expediency, will produce commotion, but truth and duty must and will prevail. Should my name reach the next generation, let it be found in connection with Abolition. I would sooner be execrated as a tory of the Revolution, than to be known hereafter as one who stood aloof from or opposed the movements now in progress for laying the last stone on the yet unfinished temple of Liberty. (Applause.)

But above all; when I am summoned to judgment, let me then be found to have been the undivided friend of God's poor; and let me hear my Savior say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me—our Father in the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' (Applause.)

Rev. Mr. RUSSELL, of Lynn. Mr. President, I hope the resolution will pass. I feel it a duty and privilege to make a few remarks. When I look around, I see much to discourage and alarm; but when I look back and compare the present with the past, I find God and take courage. It was my privilege to attend the first anniversary of this Society, at a time when colonization absorbed the mind of the nation, and there were few hearts to feel; few brethren and few ministers to speak directly for the slave. We now see an answer to our prayers, the result of our labors. What do I see? Eight hundred Anti-Slavery Societies, a multitude of minds feeling for us, pleading the cause of the needy, breasting the enemy, fighting, not with carnal weapons, but the keen and potent ones of truth and kindness and love. When I see this change, I am encouraged, and my heart leaps for joy. I look forward to the time when the banners of liberty shall wave universally over our land.

The resolution asserts the peacefulness of abolition principles. They are strictly so. But how often it is thrown in our faces, that 'you abolitionists are stirring up strife.' Sir, to this we plead both guiltily and not guilty. We have stirred up, (with emphatic gesture) and ever may be guilty of stirring up, while this inhuman apathy prevails. (Applause.) This effect has always been produced when truth has battled with error. When Christ appeared, He stirred up a certain class whose wickedness he reprobated. When arranged before Pontius Pilate, this was the charge and the accusation: 'He stirreth up the people—He crucified him—He crucified him.' It was true in part. He stirred up, not the people, but the Pharisees, Lawyers and Doctors—those 'whited sepulchres—fair outside, but within full of hypocrisy and wickedness.'

Follow the apostle Paul. He stirred up the people too. When at Damascus, he preached Christ, the Jews were 'stirred up' to kill him, and it was only by his being let down by the wall in a basket that he escaped. When he preached at Ephesus, the seat of Diana's temple, those whose craft was in danger were 'stirred up,' by one Demetrius, and quite a mob was raised, the most part of which knew not wherefore they had come together—only they knew that Paul's preaching was opposed to their carved religion, and so to put it down, they strained their throats for the space of two hours, crying out: 'GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.' At Thessalonica too, the Jews which believed not, 'stirred up' certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and set all the city in an uproar, and assailed Jason's house that harbored Paul and his company, and when they did not find them, drew Jason before the rulers of the city, and demanded that they should be put to death, and declared they had now come there for that purpose. Why, verily Paul had the spirit of a modern abolitionist, (applause)—wherever he went, some how or other the people were at once 'stirred up' to mob him.

It has been just so in every succeeding age. Luther stirred up Pope, Cardinals and Friars, till the church was reformed. Moral Reformers have ever turned the world topsy turvy and 'stirred up' the people, till they should stand right end up, with their feet planted on the everlasting rock of truth. They are not so now. Heaven speed reform till disorder, shall be rectified and the world shall be brought to rights.

When Garrison enlisted in this cause, he did it to 'stir up' the people, and he has done it. (Applause.)

There have been insurrections produced by abolition principles, but where and for what object? Not at Southampton to cut the throats of men, but at Boston to mob the ladies, (applause) insurrections of 'gentlemen of property and standing' to make a coalition with Southern nabobs. I will tell what I have seen. I visited South in Maine last year, and pleaded the cause of 2,000,000 of fellow men in the Baptist church there. Immediately the officers of the church, 'stirred up the people,' and said we must put this down. Our vessels will be burned in the southern ports—we can't carry their cotton—we shall lose our business. Drum him out of the town! When George Thompson came to Lynn, the people were 'stirred up' and exclaimed, 'we shall lose our shoes'—our town will be ruined; and certain 'gentlemen of property and standing' gathered a company, and said to them, 'If you will mob him, we will find rum and eggs.' (Applause.) But abolition light and love are going South. It is progressive, and soon will it kindle a spirit of leniency in our land which many waters cannot quench.

I have read the history of Slavery from the beginning, and have observed that insurrections are more to be traced to pale-faced aristocrats than to the suffering blacks. When Thomas Clarkson first preached abolition, who was it that would have thrown him into the dock? Those who got their living by the Colonial trade. What caused the insurrection in St. Domingo? When the French National Convention had voted to the free blacks the right of suffrage, 28,000 of these, with 35,000 whites asked for their rights, and they were refused; it was not till they had been goaded on by oppression for two years, that they at last rose in insurrection, and then not excited by abolitionists but by their oppressors.

Insurrection has always been excited by oppression, and not by preaching light and love. We have infinitely more to fear from the mad course of 'gentlemen of property and standing' in the North, East, West and South, than from the slave themselves. They are passive, and will endure while there is a gleam of hope; but extinguish that star, and they will descend to desperation. Extinguish the light we are sending out, and leave the slave not even a distant hope of freedom, and we shall witness in our country the scenes of 1794 in St. Domingo. Send up our lips and glory in the prospect for our land. Our only hope is in God, that while we labor for the slaves they will continue submissive, until He who directs the councils of nations shall either providentially meet our his vengeance upon their oppressors, or bring their Jubilee, when liberty shall be proclaimed to the captive and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound.

Rev. Mr. FITCH, offered the following resolution. Resolved, That, while we look well to the dangers which threaten ourselves, as the advocates of free discussion, we ought also to keep in mind the wrongs and sufferings of the slave.

He spoke in support of it as follows:—Mr. President;

There is danger, at this juncture, that we lose sight of the end of our organization as an Anti-Slavery Society. We are opposed and oppressed. We are forbidden to speak, and are driven into corners, and there is danger that in existing oppression and claiming rights, we shall forget the greater sufferings of those for whom we plead. There is danger that our benevolence will degenerate into selfishness. Let us dwell less on our own wrongs and the dangers that threaten us, and think and act more about the infinitely more oppressive wrongs of the slave. I don't like this turning aside to inflict chastisement (observed in jest) upon Boston. I would leave Bostonians to the corrosion of shameful recollections, and to the lashings of their own consciences. (Applause.)

What are the wrongs of the slave? Perhaps you are a husband and a father. You have by industry acquired a little which you determine to devote to buying a farm at the west. The time is fixed for removal. The night before you are to start, your house is broken open and your little all is lost. The plunderer you call a thief. This is a great deal to suffer, but what compared with the endurance of the slave? What name does he deserve who robs a man of himself? Or, what if just at the end of your journey, you are robbed of all, and left homeless and friendless amongst strangers or in a wilderness? You are yet a man and free, you have all the bodily facilities of a man, and can choose where you will go and what to do to support yourself and family. But what is the condition of the slave? With a mind that cannot be completely repressed, he feels the burdensome consciousness that he is almost a brute, yet almost a thing. Is the whole world to oppress him? No. He must exist and labor at the will of another. He is robbed of a property, which you have not lost—himself. But suppose your wife is set up and sold to the highest bidder—your children too, sold and carried you know not whither. Can you imagine the outrage? This is SLAVERY. It is said that when we call this robbery, we use a hard word. I do not feel that it is. That word comes far short of expressing the amount of iniquity and horror of the system. SLAVERY is the hardest word that slavery can be called, and SLAVERY let it be called. But use not the word without thought—gather into a force of feeling all your pity, horror and indignation for the sufferings of your brother, and then express it in one word SLAVERY!

Why, I am told, it is common to work slaves to death. I do not mean an every day business, that would be unprofitable, but at certain junctures, to make close calculations and in time of good markets for cotton or rice, to deliberately task the slaves beyond their powers of endurance to hurry the crops into market. It is calculated they can afford it. Yes, the increased price for cotton will more than replace the loss by death of a few negroes! Is it harder a 'hard word' for slavery? Who would not rather die any other way?

There is another point I cannot bring up without shame. Perhaps there are some here who have heard what I am about to relate before; for I am in the habit of speaking on this subject in season and out of season. Bear with me a few. It is stated by a clergyman who learned it in Washington, and gives me liberty to repeat it, withholding his name. A pious Physician of that city told him, that a mulatto female, a member of the same church with himself, called on him one day in great distress, for his advice. She stated that her master's son was in the practice of compelling her to his bed. She dared not explain to his father.

[Mr. Fitch also alluded to an authentic case of criminal intercourse with a female slave on the part of a certain D. D. and his son at the south, and then remarked:] This is slavery. Can any other word express it? It is worse than forcible violation of female purity, for it legalizes the iniquity, and 'sets it right.' It is not desirable to look to the sufferings of the slaves, and to do something that shall rectify moral sentiment at the south? Mr. GROSVENOR wished to refer to a fact in Roman history, in connection with the facts related by Mr. Fitch. The topic is both delicate and indecent. The incident is the case of Lucretia. She would survive her violation of chastity, and committed suicide. The exposure of her virtuous body to the eyes of the people, excited universal indignation, and the populace joined and drove the Tarquins forever from the throne. This occurred in heathen Rome; but in Christian America, Tarquins are protected by law, and our Lucretias are cut off from self-defence.

Mr. JOHNSON, a colored man, was introduced, who said he could tell us something about slavery. He knew what it was. I was born in Africa, several hundred miles up the Gambia River. Fine country that; but we are called heathen in this Christian—no! I don't know what to call it—in this enlightened heathen country. (Laughter.) But the villagers in that country are very kind. When you go into house, first question is, have you had any thing to eat? Bring water—your wash—and don't eat much you want, and all you get do to tank em for it—not one fig you pay. If you are sick, come to em, and we will cure you; not one fig you pay. If you want clothing, one woman put in two knots warp, one put in two knots fling, and so on, and don't mind what we do to you, just such garment you like; not one fig you pay. (Applause.)

When I was nine years old, I was out with my aunt to get figs; figs grow wild in that country; I had to crawl amongst bushes; when all at once I feel something pull my leg. I look around, and could see no soul, nothing but man of my own color; and I never need my aunt since. Did man took me to Massoudo [Mossad] [Mossad] First white man I ever see was Capt. Boss, of Newport, R. I., and I was de devil. (Laughter.) My own color told me he was a man, and I said, 'I believe he is.' I was in his room, and he said, 'I could not eat cornmeal; not used to it; so I have little bit rice, and little honey; then go out every day to 'plow' (get something to eat). Did he get me from being sold, till being the last one, Capt. Boss look for me two days; don't say you mustn't go today; gave me all rice I wanted; set me upon table like dat, (pointing). Capt. Boss talk to people; dey look like me, and feel de me. By and by, man wid mallet begin to talk and swing his mallet; dey talk one in while; he 'jabber, jabber, jabber,' I no understand; den he fetch his mallet down, and all stop. Capt. Boss said, you go wid dat man. My master was Capt. Bowen. He was more father than master. He always said he should set me free before he died. But he died soon, and I was left by will, to his nephew, Judge Bowen, from Providence, with instructions that I should be free as soon as I could take care of myself. But not to dwell, I WAS A SLAVE. (A deep emotion was produced in the audience by this simple narrative.)

He stated some of his experience and observation of the evils of slavery. One day my master was dining with a gentleman who had a wife as black as dat bat. A young colored woman, as likely for her color as any lady in dis assembly, (a laugh) waited on table. She happened to spill a little gravy on the gown of her mistress. The gentleman took the carving-knife, dragged her out to the wood pile, and cut her head off; den wash his hands, come in and finish his dinner like nothing had happened! Do you call dat a Christian country? I never saw the like in Africa. My master dropped his knife and fork, and sat no more. The court was sitting; he was then a lawyer. He told the thing to several, but they only said, 'That is a Northern man, he ain't used to our customs; let him take his little back again, if he don't like our ways.'

I have seen a Christian professor, after the communion, have four slaves tied together and whipped raw, and then washed with beef-brine. I knew eight slaves once shut up in a barn, one night, to be whipped next morning; it was winter, and they all escaped the lash, for they died! I have known a man offer \$500 for shooting a slave for

* Alluding to a debate on a resolution introduced by Mr. Stanton, which was withdrawn, and passed in a modified form, the next day.

going to meeting. I knew one Tom Buckner, he was whipped 120 lashes every Monday, and washed with brine, for going to meeting, but that did not stop him. Directly he was whipped, he would jump over fence and pray for his master.

It is common for the slaves to have 'stints,' and if you no do them, you get whip. If child cries, and mother has to stop to nurse it, and so the row goes behind, the husband helps it along to keep whip off wife's back, and frequently gets it on his own; for who could see a woman whipped for taking care of his own child? (Ediotion.) Slavery is most cruel thing in de world. [Mr. J. here expatiated very sensibly upon the peculiar evils of slavery in this country, and very suddenly pointed to Mr. Garrison, and said, 'Dat man is de Moses raised up for our deliverance!'] (Tremendous applause.) [The reporter did not perceive the conclusion of his narrative of events in Boston, with those of his previous life. He said:] One night as he was going over to Cambridge, he stopped at the toll-bridge, and got into conversation with a man about the difficulty of getting pay for certain medical prescriptions, on account of not being a licensed physician. This man told him an easier way to get money. 'I can tell you how you can make \$5000 easily.' He 'took the hint,' [reference was had to the reward for Mr. Garrison's head.] and replied, 'I would not be the man to do that. I would defend him with my blood; I would wear a sword and cut the man's head off; who should offer to touch him! (He also stated some anecdotes of 'Walker's Appeal.')

I sent it to a man. He said, 'I have read your book.' Well, how you like it? 'O, very well, all but—' Well, bring your 'date' to me; I've got an axe to chop them off. (Laughter.) He afterwards lent it to a Mr. Welch, who also liked it all but—'He proposed the same disposition of his difficulty. Mr. W. said also, 'He (Walker) wants to shed blood.' He then had this argument with Mr. W.: 'Want you a transport?' 'No.' 'Well, your fathers were—banished to an island—dare not go back—death; came to this country; they (English) wanted to put them under 'injunction.' Now, how did you get liberty?' 'Our fathers fought for it.' 'Were you Christians?' 'Yes.' 'What! and fought for liberty—God forbid! (Applause.) 'O, tread on an insect, and if it can do nothing more, he will bite your foot! (Applause.) I will contend for liberty as long as I live. (Applause.) This day we are met to help the liberty of the slaves. Some say they had rather be slaves than free. What! If you had more, would you give him a pint of corn a day; can a man be content wid dat? O! how many children, boy like dat, go to master's crib every Saturday night, and draw out two quarts corn for a week. Man, wid wife draw half a bushel, and two or three berries. What, if you hold em in tumb and finger, de wind would blow em away, so salt eaten. Masters often give servant nine-pence to get food for dog; yes he would pay dog's board, but leave slave to take care himself. [The narrator was requested to give an account of his escape from slavery. It would appear that Judge Bowen, in some way, took law, in reference to certain blacks, and in their behalf, to his own hands, so as to offend his fellow judge, and matters came to such a pass that Judge B. drew a pistol upon him in the court house. They had an 'insurrection' in court,' said Mr. J.; (his manner, and the previous references to 'insurrection,' caused a great laugh.) His difficulties finally compelled him to come to his native North. The narrator was brought along, though still held as a slave. The story became still more interesting and amusing, so that the reporters dropped their pens, and enjoyed the tallies of his wit with the audience.]

Mr. Wright moved the thanks of the Society to Mr. Sears for the use of his hall for its anniversary. Mr. AMASA WALKER, Mr. President, I second the motion. Mr. Sears neither expects nor desires a vote of thanks. He has cheerfully accommodated us, and he is not the man to fall into the current, speaking his opinions, to proscribe and require men for things suggested by the motion. It is doubtful whether even this place can be had for an Anti-Slavery meeting another year. It is a question whether there can be a hall for free discussion on this site; and if not, we shall be expelled from Boston, I fear, to hold its meetings. I trust we feel to-day, little fear of becoming extinct. The subject I am about to propose, is very appropriate to be brought before the Anti-Slavery Society, and claims regard from all the friends of free discussion in Boston, and even throughout the State. The Marlboro' Hotel property is now owned by the Free Church, under the title of the Marlboro' Corporation. They gave for the property \$100,000, to build with cost \$20,000 more; then the rents in front will pay the interest of all, and leave the Hall free. This is the object we wish to accomplish. Mr. Sears, who is trustee for the Corporation, could sell the property for \$100,000 profit to-day; but we are unwilling to let it go, without an effort to accomplish our wishes. We want, then, to borrow, not beg, money enough to erect a large and commodious hall, that this city may have a place consecrated to religion and free discussion. Can't you get money? No. This Corporation is poor. The wealth and aristocracy are against us. The Free Church has done nobly. They have put their shoulder to the wheel; but they can carry the enterprise no farther. How do we propose to raise it? We will mortgage the property for security for the necessary amount, give our notes for five years, and pay interest semi-annually. The Corporation perpetuate themselves, and by their act of incorporation, hold the property for the parochial interest of the Free Church.

Mr. MAY—Could fellowship all Christians, especially Abolitionists. Indeed, he had come to the conclusion, that that Christianity which did not produce Abolitionism was little worth. He was a stern Unitarian; but what were his speculative notions, compared with practical righteousness? He has concluded that Abolition righteousness is the best of all righteousnesses—the true religion. He hoped, by some means, to see a Hall in Boston where opinions could be freely expressed.

[The meeting, at this period, became interlarded. Many informal inquiries were made respecting the proposed Hall: Who were to control it? What security would be given for its perpetual freedom? What were 'moral subjects'? (to which it was to be open)—What amount was wanted? &c. Mr. Walker afterwards spoke in a very animated manner. A subscription of \$2,000 by Mr. Philbrick was announced, (applause), which would be increased to \$5,000, if the security was satisfactory.] (Applause.)

Mr. GARRISON introduced the following resolutions, which were adopted by acclamation:

Resolved, That it behooves the friends of humanity throughout the country, and especially the people of the non-slaveholding States, to lift up their voices in thunder-tones against the admission of Texas into the American Union.

Resolved, That the continued and all-prevailing efforts of our beloved neighbor George Thompson, in England, and the faithful and Christian remonstrances of our English brethren, in opposition to American slavery, call for a renewal of our warmest thanks to them, and are exerting upon public sentiment in this country a most salutary influence.

It was then moved to adjourn, to attend the Ladies A. S. Society at half past two o'clock, P. M. and to meet at the Anti-Slavery Rooms, 46, Washington Street at 9 o'clock next morning. (We are compelled to defer a full report (which we have in type) of the impressive and eloquent speeches of Messrs. Dwyer and Stanton at the Ladies' meeting. The hall was thronged with ladies.)

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EVENING SESSION.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 25.

Society met in the Representatives' Hall, in the presence of a crowded audience, many hundreds being obliged to go away, for want of room. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of Duxbury.

Rev. Mr. SCOTT, of Lowell, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That in view of the success which has hitherto attended the promulgation of anti-slavery doctrines in our land, we should not be discouraged, but thank God and take courage.

The Resolution I hold in my hand, said Mr. Scott, takes a view of the past, present, and future. The effects produced by the promulgation of Anti-slavery doctrines, so far from depressing and discouraging us, should inspire us with new zeal and a fresh courage. It is the promulgation of anti-slavery doctrines that has awakened public attention, and produced this mighty movement throughout our land. And what are anti-slavery doctrines? They may be summed up in one word: Slavery is sin, and must be immediately abandoned. The principle that one man has a right to make a brute of another, to sell him under the hammer, exchange him for brutes, take from him the Bible, and all means of mental and moral elevation, is fundamentally wrong, whether practiced by the good or the bad. No sacrifice of character can sanctify it. A minister of the gospel or a deacon of the church can have no more right than the most vicious man in the community, to make a brute of his fellow-man,—of an immortal spirit, destined to the judgment. This principle must be immediately abandoned. Make it appear that it is not a bad principle, and then we will cease to contend against it. But, so long as it is admitted to be bad, we will contend that it should be immediately abandoned.

The doctrines to which I have alluded have been promulgated, in spite of opposition and lawless violence, in spite of all the malice of men and devils. It is the success which has attended the promulgation of these principles, which inspires us with fresh confidence in their correctness, and their adaptability to accomplish the object we seek. Within the last year, there has been 300 per cent, added to our cause. Two years ago, there were but 200 or 250 societies in our land—now there are 700 or 800, and the old ones have been growing in numbers. Our country is awakened; the pulpit begins to be opened. Men of influence are taking ground with us. Notwithstanding the annual meeting of this society has been driven into a stable, there has been success. In the city that I came from, we have recently sent two thousand three hundred names to Congress, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, with almost no effort.

It is said, 'I am an Abolitionist, except the measures.' What do you differ from what has always been the sentiment of our whole country? Until very recently, nobody has attempted to defend slavery in the abstract. But, what has this sentiment amounted to? Slavery has grown up under it till it is now become a great ACH, which defies the storms of public sentiment—the winds of Heaven too! But, apply this objection to other subjects. Suppose an individual should say, 'I am benevolent, except the measures.' What will it amount to? Every body is willing to say to the poor, 'Be ye warmed, be ye filled'; but when we come to the measures for feeding and clothing them, the miser starts back! Such benevolence does no good. Suppose a man should say, 'I am a strong temperance man, except the measures.' What good will he do? It is the measures, which have given success to the Temperance Reformation; and so it is the measures that must give success to the Anti-Slavery cause. Ten or twelve years ago, many benevolent men felt deeply on this subject as they now do; but their feelings and efforts were scattered. Mr. Jefferson, and William Wirt, and many other patriots and philanthropists, have been opposed to slavery; but what has their opposition amounted to? But the movements of the Abolitionists have concentrated these feelings upon one point, where the rays of light will continue to blaze and burn, until a fire is kindled, which will burn up slavery. Suppose the British Anti-slavery Society had left off the measures, what would have become of the slaves in the West Indies?

But, it has been said, we are so severe, so harsh, so violent in our language. With respect to severity of language, its propriety depends upon circumstances. If truth requires the use of severe language, we are justifiable in using it. Jesus Christ and his apostles, and the Reformers, used plain and pointed language. The Declaration of Independence is couched in severe language. Temperance lecturers have used hard language, and sometimes spoken unadvisedly; but, when has this been brought as an objection against the cause they advocate? But there is no objection in this case. When has a set of men been placed in more trying circumstances than the Abolitionists? They have encountered hard speeches, bitter revilings, persecution, violence. It would require them to be superhuman, never to speak unadvisedly, never to say any thing which they might not to say. But, sir, the severest language ever used by Abolitionists, is calling slaveholders meat-eaters and robbers. But, if the doctrine contained in the Declaration of Independence is correct, it is true, that every slaveholder is a meat-stealer and a robber. What says it? 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Now, if this be a fact, 70,000 children of slaves, born equal, are stolen every year, and robbed of their liberty and the right of seeking happiness in their own way. The children at the South are born as free as the children at the North. If they are born equal, as the Declaration of Independence declares, they are entitled to the same rights, and every slaveholder, who makes slaves of the children of his servants, is a meat-stealer—he steals the children and robs them of their rights—he is a meat-stealer and a robber.

I like to hear things called by their right names. Let a robber meet you on the highway, and forcibly plunder you of your money, is it severe language to call him a robber? But, which is the greater robber, the man who takes my purse, or the man who takes my wife, my wife, my child, and all I have? It was hard language that the pirate used to Alexander.

But, it is said, Abolitionists are obstinate—hearstong; they have public opinion, &c. But, in maintaining their principles, men must be headstrong and obstinate. Daniel was obstinate. He was alone, in a strange land, a captive promoted. How important that he should maintain his influence and popularity with the throne, for the good of his nation! The modern doctrine of expediency would have come in well to his aid. He might have said, I can worship my God, these thirty days, just as well with my windows closed, and then save myself from being thrown into the lion's den, and my nation from the loss of my influence. But, Daniel felt that when his rights and the religion of his God were in danger, then was the time to hold them with a death-grapple. And so also, the three Hebrew children, as they are called, were headstrong. According to the modern doctrine of expediency, they might have said, 'We can worship our God as well prostrate, as any other way—we will fall down with the multitude; but we will not worship the golden image;—we will pray to our God. It is not expedient for us to sacrifice our lives, and go into the fiery furnace, when our influence is so much needed, by our captive brethren.' But, no; they felt that it was the time to have all others for them to stand firm. The king was willing to show leniency—he offered to give them another trial; but no—they declared they would not bow down to his image of gold. Sir, Daniel braved public opinion—these three men braved public sentiment. If they had followed the modern doctrine of expediency, they would have avoided these dangers; but, it will always be found, as in their case, that the path of duty will come out right. But, take away our measures, and what will be left? We want a sentiment that speaks out.

Mr. H. B. STANTON, offered the following resolutions: Resolved, That the District of Columbia, being under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress in all cases whatsoever, the existence of slavery and the slave trade in that

District is to be charged upon the people of the free States—

—is a foul blot upon the character of the nation—and ought to be immediately annihilated.

Resolved, That the refusal of the House of Representatives of the United States to read, refer, or discuss the memorial of THE PEOPLE, praying for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, is a virtual denial of the right of petition, and an act of high handed despotism, which ought to alarm and arouse all the friends of the Constitution and their recent representatives who voted in favor of the outrage.

In support of these resolutions, said Mr. S., I shall bring forward but few of the many reasons which might be profitably adduced. The question is often submitted to the abolitionists, 'what have the people of the north to do with slavery? We admit it to be an evil, moral and political—a system of enormous wickedness and cruelty; but why agitate it here—why do you not go to the South and labor, where the evil exists?' I answer these queries, said Mr. S., like a true son of New England, by putting others. To my opponent, I say, 'You admit slavery to be a sin?' 'Yes.' 'That it ought to be immediately abolished?' 'Yes.' 'That those who have the power, be bound instantly to exercise that power, in its entire abolition?' 'Yes.' 'That they are recreant to humanity, to their country and their God, if they refuse?' 'Yes.' And now ask what has the north to do with slavery? Look at the District of Columbia, the common capital of this Republic, where 7000 MEN, bearing the image of God, and touched with his immortal fire, are sold as goods and chattels, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever! Where exists and flourishes the foulest slave market on the face of the globe! Where men are licensed, at \$400 a year, to sell, at public auction, lots to suit purchasers, native born American citizens, and the money for such license is appropriated to purposes of internal improvement! Where a free citizen of Massachusetts, on business before the national legislature, may be seized and thrown into prison, on suspicion of being a slave, and if he fail to prove himself a free man, may be sold into perpetual slavery to pay his jail fees, and the proceeds of the sale, deposited in the public coffers! Where the slave trader from the coast of Africa, with his crew, may be condemned as Pirates, and hung at the yard arm, while their cargo of 'human cattle' is sold to Franklin and Arundel, the proceeds put into the public treasury, and then the American slave trader may, under the protection of American laws, send to the New-Orleans market, or sell them in parcels to Republican Senators! What has Massachusetts to do with slavery? Why, the stenorial eloquence of her own Webster, pleading for liberty in Greece and in Texas, is lost in the clanks of the slave auctioneers, shouting, under the very walls of the Capitol, 'How much for a citizen of Massachusetts, sold to pay his jail fees? Going! How much?' Or, the shrill tones of her own Adams, pleading for Constitutional reform, are overpowered by the shrieks of American mothers, torn from their infants, to be sold into distant slavery, desolate and heart-broken. Thus, tyrants laugh at our boasted equality, and the friends of liberty abroad, sink the burning brand of hypocrisy deep into the forehead of the Republic. And who is responsible for all this hypocrisy, treachery, cruelty and crime? THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES. It, according to the U. S. Constitution, has the power of exclusive legislation over the District of Columbia, in all cases whatsoever—Slavery and the slave trade in the District, are the creatures of law. In 1800, the Congress framed an act, confirming the acts of Maryland and Virginia, in regard to said District, and thus made their acts its own. Therefore, slavery, with all its abominations, its robbery, its heathenism, its groans, its tears, its blood, its contempt of God, in the indulgence of his image, is the handy work of Congress. It lives and breathes and rises there, by the express and special permission of the present Congress—Yes, said Mr. S., while I stand here to-night, Congress might slave every kitter in the District, and its 7000 goods and chattels might stand forth men, redeemed, disenthralled, emancipated. Does the Congress refuse? Then, on the admission of my opponent, I brand them as recreant to humanity, to their country and their God.

The free States are, in a great measure, responsible for the continuance of this dread evil. They elect a large majority of the House of Representatives;—and the majority of the Senate, if we include its presiding officer;—and I call upon the people of the free States, of all political parties, to remember, that their political influence is capital, loaned them by God, to be invested for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia—that their votes should be pledged to humanity, and their money given freely and immediately, to the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

Is it yet asked, why do the abolitionists agitate this subject before the northern public? To arouse the sovereign of the nation to command their servants to do this work in the District of Columbia immediately. It is in vain that we look to Congress to arouse, while the people slumber. Its members will not move till impelled onward by public sentiment at home. Go to our constituents, they will say, 'if you would have us act, we are but the passive quill-silver in the public thermometer. If you would have us mount up to abolition heat, you must warm up the atmosphere, the people.' And, said Mr. S., we are doing it! We are, by our speeches, our publications, our societies, our conventions and our prayers, kindling up a sacred fire that shall cause the public mind to glow with impartial benevolence, and the servants of the public shall feel its warming influence. Agitate then! The member of Congress is not the index to the opinions of his constituents. His bark floats on the popular tide, and his sails catch the popular breeze. Raise the wind, then, among his constituents. Being but the hums upon the public clock, he keeps time according to the pendulum's stroke. Abolition has its fingers on the pendulum. Says the Representative, 'I am but the weather-cock on the public building, to indicate the course of the wind. If you would have me point South, the wind must blow from the North.' I repeat it, said Mr. S., abolitionists are raising the northern wind. They are calling it down from every hill-top and mountain in Massachusetts; and the southerners might as well stand upon their frontiers, and catching the north-easter in their fist, chain it to Mason and Dixon's line, lest its chilling influence should fall too roughly upon the delicate bodies of the South, as to arrest the abolition tempest now bursting from the white hills and green mountains, the Wachusetts and Monadocks of free, unthought, unwarmed New England.

Mr. S. next glanced at the motives which should impel us to labor strenuously for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District.

1. If we succeed, the chains would fall from the limbs of 7000 men; our brethren. 2. The internal slave trade, the bloodiest feature in the whole system, would receive a staggering blow. 3. The Capital would be cleansed. Our altars would no longer smoke with human sacrifices; and there, Liberty might unveil herself to adoration, as spotted with human gore. 4. But these are minor considerations compared with the mighty moral effect of this work. The abolition of slavery in the District, would be like a mill-stone around the neck of the whole system of slavery, which would soon drown it in a sea of popular abhorrence. Such an act, would be the verdict of the whole people in condemnation of slavery, pronounced by the highest legislative organ of the nation. It would be AMERICA, deliberately adjudging slavery to be worthy of death. The system could not survive the sentence for years. Well has the Hon. Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, said, that 'the question must be met here; for the District is the main gate at the entrance of the citadel; and the bridge over the moat,—and every aggression term must be resisted.' Ah, said Mr. S., I respond to the ab-

LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]
The following impressive lines were given me just about a year ago, by one who never writes without point and effect. They were suggested by a pithy remark of one of the three hundred country delegates, who came to the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and found that the metropolis of New-England, the birth-place of 'American Liberty,' would not afford a sufficient shelter to the enemies of American Slavery.—
We used to say, said Mr. G. 'go up to Boston; we shall hereafter say, go down to Boston.' As the city has not risen from her low estate, the lines will not be out of date, and I hope you will publish them in your next.

Yours, AIO.

THOUGHTS OF THE THREE HUNDRED.

Is this the spot our Fathers loved
So well in days of yore,
And gave their lives that it might be
Th' oppressor's prey no more?
From childhood up, we loved to roam
In pleasant places o'er;
But where ye seal the heaven lip,
Our manhood comes no more!
Where with our brethren late we joyed,
To bend God's throne before,—
Our 'city of solemnities,'
It knows us now no more.
Against your friends of other days,
Ye close each temple door,
It plants no root of bitterness,
But here we come no more!
The swelling dome—the goodly spire—
The blue smoke curling o'er—
We mark them from our inland hills,
With joy and pride no more.
A fearful thought, like prophecy,
Upon our hearts ye pour!
Oh, turn you from the shack away,
And go and sin no more!

[From the Advocate of Moral Reform.]

LINES.

On hearing of the death of Rev. J. R. McDowell.
He is gone! the tired pilgrim has fled
To repose in the bosom of God;
Here, a wearisome way he was led—
A path strewn with perils he trod.
But his soul with earth's cords could no longer be bound—
From the tempests of life an asylum he's found.

His heart was the temple of love—
Benevolence dwelt in his breast;
He is now with the ransomed above,
Where the dead in the Lord sweetly rest.
Persecution no more his freed spirit can bow,
Nor the shadows of earth again darken his brow.

He passed from the judgment of man
To the righteous tribunal of God,
Where the rapturous psalter he heard,
From the lips of his Master he heard.
And away on the wings of the spirit he rode
From his labors, to rest in your peaceful abode.

He will not in forgetfulness sleep,
But in hallowed remembrance will live;
Many friends his departure will weep—
To his worth their best offerings give.
Oh, the grave every error and frailty conceals!
Naught but tender regrets the sad mourner there feels.

He lived, like the life-giving sun,
The world with his labors to bless—
Now his trials and labors are done,
His service the world may excuse.
The bold pioneer in a glorious cause,
He may justly receive our admiring applause.

For that cause which he lived to promote,
And to which a crushed martyr he fell,
Will rise, and with blessings be fraught,
Which the praise of his mover will swell.
The name of McDowell which now we exclaim,
Will shine bright on the annals of Moral Reform.

Oh, who can his trials declare,
While his spirit was chained to the earth?
Or the bliss he's promised to share
With the sons of celestial birth!
Here he labored in perils, afflictions and tears,
But bright is the crown which in heaven he wears!

[From the Liberator (Eng.) Mercury.]

AMERICA.

This Liberty's home—the land of the Free,
Where Slaves with in fetters their master's decree?
Tell us not of its freedom—we start at the name;
We hear it—but hear it to think of her shame.

This the region where knowledge 'in beauty walks forth,'
The boast of her subjects, the gaze of the earth?
In beauty? Oh no! for around her fair head,
The demon-like arm of oppression is spread.

'Tis the home of the Slave—his home? No, it's far
From Tyranny's curse, and the horrors of war!
'Tis the land where he walks 'mid the jeers of the 'brave,'
In sorrowful silence to rest in the grave!

If this is thy Freedom, Columbia! then
May Tyranny forge thee thy fetters again;
If this is thy knowledge, thy ignorance pour
Its blessings around thee, to garish thy shore!

Curs'd! Fiead of the West! the day will appear
When Liberty's banner will float o'er thy tier!
And America then—in her glory will be
Sweet Liberty's home—the land of the free.

Leicester, Nov. 16th, 1836. T. W.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

The arrow parting from the bow,
Though drawn with mighty aim,
May still be traced in rapid flight,
And be replaced again.

But who in all the lapse of years,
Since time began his race,
Has e'er regained a moment lost,
Or filled its vacant place?

The bird when from its cage escaped,
By soothing voice and word,
May still perchance again be caught,
And to its perch restored.

But for the moments unemployed,
In folly or in crime,
No voice or word has e'er prevailed,
To stay the course of time.

Farmington, S. P. G.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

As the small bird, that flutters roves
Among Jamaica's tam'nd groves,
A feathered busy bee,
In note scarce rising to a song,

Incessant, hums the whole day long,
In slavery's Island, free?
So shall a still small voice be heard,
Though humble as the Humming Bird,
In Minstrel's groves of oak,
And to the peasant from the King,

In every war shall ceaseless sing,
'Free Africa from her yoke!'

SLAVERY.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON—
On Saturday evening last, our hearts were cheered by the arrival of brother Amos Dresser. As it happened, I had an appointment for a lecture on slavery at the Methodist Church in Lowell Street on Sunday evening. Dr. Dresser spoke to a good congregation at the Free Will Baptist Church, Sunday afternoon, and in the evening we both met at the Methodist Church in Lowell Street. The meeting was appointed to commence at 6 o'clock. We went to the house ten minutes before 6, at which time every part of it was crowded, and multitudes were coming and going away unable to get in. One thousand persons, at least, were crowded into the house, more than one hundred of whom stood patiently on their feet for the space of three hours—and hundreds went away who could not get in.

I spoke about an hour and a quarter on Northern Slavery, after which bro. Dresser followed in the same room, for about an hour and a half, including in his address a brief history of the Nashville affair. He was listened to with deep attention; the whole length of the sides and every part of the house remaining crowded till the close of the meeting.

After the lectures were closed, a good collection, considering the circumstances, was taken—which I informed the people was only the interest of what we must do at another time—to which they seemed, by their appearance, to assent. Had there not been more than half as many present, we might have easily obtained twice as much money. The congregation was so crowded, that it was almost impossible for the collectors to get about among them.

The impression made upon the audience, by the exercises, may be learned, in part, from the fact, that notwithstanding we had circulated petitions through the city, for Congress, to some extent, and several hundred names had been received, yet we obtained at the close of the exercises, an addition of FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN NAMES!

We shall send a large petition from this city to Congress immediately. Five thousand names might have been obtained, had proper means been used. There is a very strong anti-slavery influence in this 'Manchester' of America. The Methodist Episcopal Church, comprising about 800 members, is right, almost to an individual.

We shall send a large representation to the Annual Meeting of the State Society.

In haste, yours truly, for the oppressed,

Lowell, Jan. 16. O. SCOTT.

P. S. I enclose a letter addressed to me from Natick, Mass.—thinking you might wish to publish some part of it—if you have not received the facts.

I lectured at Natick, about 4 weeks ago, at which time, 90 names were obtained to the Constitution, but there was not time to form the Society.

O. S.

Natick, Jan. 7, 1837.

DEAR SIR:

I am directed to report to you the doings of the Natick Anti-Slavery Society, so far as you will be interested to know them.

At a meeting of the Natick Anti-Slavery Society, held on the 1st inst., the following resolutions were adopted, viz:—
Resolved, That the success which has hitherto attended the formation of Anti-Slavery Societies, in removing the prejudices from the public, and their effect in dispelling the darkness which has hitherto concealed the appalling features of slavery,—should encourage the formation of other societies, till our whole population shall unite in removing this stain upon our national character.

We have 109 members—74 males and 35 females. The wish is expressed by many, that we may have a course of lectures on this subject, which, no doubt, would advance the cause, in this place, very much. We shall probably adopt some measures for that object soon.

We shall be glad to receive any communication from you, that may be interesting to our society.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel and Humanity,

CHARLES DICKSON,
Cor. Sec. of Natick A. S. Soc.

Rev. Orange Scott, Lowell, Mass.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The English papers state, that there are now 70 or 80 vessels, chiefly American built, engaged in the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa.—*Newburyport Herald.*

All the vessels owned on the coast of Brazil and employed in the slave trade, are, with scarcely an exception, American built vessels. Many of them, as we know, were built in the United States on special order. They are of the fastest sailing class, and most beautiful clipper built models. They are manned here by American seamen, and sent out under the American flag. The purchase money is paid there—the vessel transferred (not sold)—the flag is changed, and the crew are discharged there—the master and crew are discharged there—the flag is changed, and there she enters upon the business for which she was constructed—a slave. Other American vessels, not purposely built for the slave trade, are often sold there, at high prices, when the master or supercargo has *carve blanche* to make the most of the voyage, because they happen to be adapted to the purpose, and the vessels are in demand. Not only so, but it is a common custom for owners of fast sailing vessels, built for some particular purpose—smuggling, perhaps, or other honest pursuit—when they find the first intention unsuccessful, or its objects defeated, to send them to 'Brazil and a market'—vessel, cargo, soul and all. The result is, that the slave trade has done more to perpetuate the slave trade than almost any other influence. Were the Brazilians, and Spaniards of the West India Islands left to their own resources, and their own skill in naval architecture, to find the means of carrying on the business, it would soon become extinct. The vigilance of the British cruisers can be exempted only by the employment in the cursed slave trade of the fastest sailing vessels—and those employed, we blush to say it, are almost all built in the United States.—*Boston Transcript.*

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever. [McCauley.]

THE UNION.

The slaveholders have destroyed the liberty of the press among themselves; they have locked the lips of all within their own limits, who would remind them of their injustice; they have broken down every thing like personal security to any of their own citizens who would call for reformation; they have, in effect, nullified and trodden under foot that great barrier against despotism, the right of trial by jury—and all for what? For Slavery. They look on the liberty of enslaving innocent men, women, and children, as the most precious of all liberties.—
On the altar of this divinity they have offered, as a holocaust, their own high constitutional and civil rights—and now have the audacity to ask of us a similar oblation to their bloody God.

And what is the penalty with which they menace a refusal? They will concede from the Union. Let them do it. They have been long enough, a charge on the sober and industrious of the parish. It is time they were dismissed, when, instead of support, they are beginning to demand that the whole estate should be delivered over to them. They secede from the Union?—Climax of absurdity. No; they could scarcely be driven from it. They have been long enough, a charge on the sober and industrious of the parish. It is time they were dismissed, when, instead of support, they are beginning to demand that the whole estate should be delivered over to them. They secede from the Union?—Climax of absurdity. No; they could scarcely be driven from it. They have been long enough, a charge on the sober and industrious of the parish. It is time they were dismissed, when, instead of support, they are beginning to demand that the whole estate should be delivered over to them. 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